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GORDON MATTHEWS

By E. J. Bingle

Towards the end of July, news was received at Tambaram of the sudden death, while on a fishing-holiday in Scotland, of the Rev. Gordon Matthews, M.A., B.Litt., who was a Professor of English in this College from 1921 to 1939, and at different times was Bursar and Secretary of the Building Committee. We are fortunate in being able to print the address given at the Funeral Service at the Welwyn Garden City Free Church, on 26th July 1946, by Mr. Bingle.

I have been asked to speak to you about the work of Gordon Matthews in the Madras Christian College. He was a member of the College staff for 18 years, from 1921 to 1939; I was his colleague for 14 of those years. I think it is true to say that he found in the varied work of the College a fulfilment of the different sides of his character, which led to great achievement. Disappointment, sorrow and tension too—but the achievement will outlast these.

Of his work as a teacher I can say but little, as I was not in the same department, but I was assured both by students and colleagues that it was outstanding. His previous experience in the country work of the London Missionary Society and in their high schools gave him a knowledge of the students' background that was invaluable. Added to this, his knowledge of Tamil made his English teaching immeasurably more helpful, since he knew what his students' difficulties were and he could think through with them the double puzzles of English and Tamil grammar and idiom.

In 1925 he became Bursar of the College and so he remained till 1930, after he had taken over the secretaryship of the Building Committee, when the duties of the bursar's office passed to myself. He was a first-class administrator. Such persons get very little credit for their work, since the better their work, the more it is taken for granted. A well-oiled, smoothly running engine does not call attention to itself. But as I found when I took over his office, there was no doubt as to his remarkable capacity for dealing with men, accounts and affairs.

Matthews' name in the Madras Christian College will be inseparably associated with the re-building of the College on its new site at Tambaram. He became Secretary of the Building Committee at the outset in 1929 and was in office till the opening of the new College in 1937. Once again, I speak as one who took over his work when he went on furlough in 1937 and I can speak with assurance of the quality and quantity of his work. Of the greatness of that undertaking, those of you who have seen Tambaram will not need to be reminded. To those of you who have not, it may be worth recalling the kind of task which Matthews and his colleagues on the Building Committee were set to do.

The College had been given nearly 400 acres of scrub jungle some 17 miles outside Madras City on which to build an entirely

new College. Starting from scratch—and the jungle was prickly–they had to provide teaching, administrative, laboratory and living accommodation, sports fields, water, light and sanitation for some 800 students, some 60 teachers, and servants innumerable—all from nothing. The scheme is not even yet complete, but the magnitude of what was accomplished—the whole teaching, administrative and laboratory buildings, residental accommodation for 500 students (which housed the World Missionary Conference of 1938 with ease), houses and flats for half the staff, with water, light and sanitation, playing fields, roads—the task was colossal. Now it is done—and it has stood the test of nearly ten years—it seems far easier than it was in the doing of it. In that Gordon Matthews played a leading role while he was in charge of the Building Committee.

I don't know if you have had much experience of building construction; if you have, you will sympathise. Eight solid years of it—with one interval for furlough—these test a man. Those colleagues on the Building Committee were men of very diverse temperaments (to say no more) and our architect was an able but determined man; for years we argued, discussed, changed our minds and our plans, despaired and were amazed as we saw the project taking shape. Through these long and sometimes weary years Gordon Matthews held the group together. I will not say that he was a man of equable temperament, nor did he always suffer fools gladly, but he hung on like grim death till he had seen this scheme through—and it went through. Remember, these were the years of the great depression in England, India and the U.S.A. (from which we hoped to get funds)—and we spent £200,000 without running into debt. The more I have seen of similar schemes in India and elsewhere, the more I am impressed by what was done at Tambaram, and the more I am impressed by Matthews' sagacity, tenacity and devotion.

This was the outstanding work he accomplished in the Madras Christian College : he gave himself to bricks and mortar and drain pipes, and out of them came a very noble set of buildings. But these were not the whole man, and I would say a word or two about more intimate matters. First, he was a great preacher. The preparation of sermons was for him sheer misery, the delivery of them agony, but the word which he preached was authentic. Here was a man whose heart and mind had been tempered in a furnace and the metal rang true—with the notes of the Word of God. In College Church and in the Tamil churches of Madras City he preached, and I speak for many who will remember for many a long year the inspiration of that tension of spirit.

One thing more. He had a wonderful way with young men, Indian and European. His students and all who came into contact with him were quick to recognise his insight into Indian ways and thought, his integrity and unassuming friendliness. That ripened in many instances into friendships which lasted through the years, and I have been struck again and again with Matthews' hold over young men whom he had taught in school and college, with whom he was on terms of ripe friendship for many years afterwards. And he had a way with his young colleagues. He had you to his house, he set you at ease and made you feel at home in that new, strange Indian world. You became his friend and it lasted through the years and you never ceased to be grateful for that continuing and deepening friendship. That was how it happened to me, over twenty years ago, and it happened to others too. I have learned since that this is a much rarer gift in this naughty world than one could wish. Gordon Matthews had it in a very remarkable degree, and it suffused all he did. He was a great gift of God to the Madras Christian College.

THE IMPENDING DOOM[1]

BY THE REV. J. F. BUTLER, M.A., PH.D.

The first part of my sermon will be gloomy; and its text will be two verses of a prophet notorious for his gloom. In them Jeremiah sums up what he takes to be the international situation of his time: '*I am pained at my very heart; my heart is disquieted in me; I cannot hold my peace; because thou hast heard, O my soul, the sound of the trumpet, the alarm of war.*' '*We looked for peace, but no good came; and for a time of healing, and behold dismay!*' (JER. iv. 19; viii. 15.)

That was Jeremiah's environment; and I think it is ours. I can only say 'I think'; I have no 'Word of the Lord' on this matter; for God has given us no revelation of what the future immediately before us will be, beyond what our own best judgment can surmise. But I personally think that three things are fairly clear about the immediate future: (1) that there will be a major war in the West within ten years; (2) that it will reduce the West to chaos and utter barbarism; (3) that the East will be dragged into the same doom.

All these three forecasts are disputable. (1) It may be that war in the West will be averted—that the present wranglings are merely the turmoil of a world beginning slowly to settle down after the titanic upheaval of the last War. That may be so; though things do not look like it. (2) It may be that, if another war does come, yet it will be no worse than the last two. These, indeed, were hideous and destructive enough, in all conscience; and they have made vast changes; yet they have at least left the essentials of our civilisation still standing. Before the last War, it was prophesied that aerial warfare and the rest of modern scientific weapons would mean a short war followed by utter barbarism; but the War went on for six years, and we are still here. Things might work out the same way again; though atomic power does not look like developing in that way. (3) It may be that, even if the West did blow itself to bits, the East could still keep out of the holocaust, and could then, with the vigour of its fresh young life (for the East, though so old, is yet in another sense so young), renew the world to a better civilisation: *ex Oriente lux*. It is indeed true that the East is in some sense separate from the West, and is full of new, powerful life—not committed to the old mistakes, ready for radical change. But it is also true that the world, though in one sense so utterly divided, is in another sense so much of a unit that it is doubtful if any large country could any longer stand outside of a world conflict.

Now, if this forecast is sound, the future that we of today face is a more depressing one than mankind has ever faced before. Our doom is the end of things in a sense in which none of the previous great breakdowns of civilisations before barbarian inrushes has been the end. It is more painful and more complete and more final. That is the situation which we must be spiritually prepared to face.

We must be prepared to face that situation, even if the likelihood of it is not our own belief, or our own full belief. It may not be our own belief at all—it may very well be that I have been much too pessimistic, and have greatly exaggerated the danger of an utter breakdown of civilisation. But even if we believe that such is the likely outcome of events, our full belief about the future will, I hope, contain a good deal more than that. We shall realise, I hope, that a breakdown, even if likely, even if very likely indeed, yet is not inevitable, in the sense of being caused by some mystic force of cosmic decay outside of human control: no—our failure, if it comes, will be the simple result not of cosmic

[1] A Sermon preached at the College Service on Sunday, 1st September, 1946.

forces but of the sin of man—which is something that man is responsible for and has power to change. Thus we have our minute share of power to change the course of things. Accordingly, no man, no matter how pessimistic he may be, should have that pessimism as the sole content of his thought about the future: he will never give up hope for world peace, or prayer for it, or action for it—some action for it, even if it be only the maintenance of his own political thinking along honest, non-partisan lines, both in himself and as spoken to his friends, is always in his power. Nevertheless, when all such allowances have been made, for us of this age the utter breakdown of our civilisation must remain in our thoughts as at least a possibility, and so must affect our thinking as the 'limit' of our fears; and it is a possibility widely believed in, and so must affect our thinking as part of the 'intellectual climate' of our age. That is, or may be, our future: how do we react to this fact?

There is no doubt as to how a great many of our contemporaries react. In a situation of 'Tomorrow we die', the reaction of the coarser natures in all times and places has been, 'Eat, drink and be merry'. Some men, under sentence of doom, simply feel irresponsible. It is so with many today.

But that is not the Christian reaction.—And now my tone will change. Up to now I have been merely giving my own interpretation of the trend of world affairs, speaking on no authority greater than my own very fallible judgment. From now on I shall be trying to interpret the Word of God. For, while there is no authority in Christendom to tell us whether our actual situation is one of peril or not, there is a Word of God to Christians in peril.

What, then, is the Christian reaction to a situation of the gravest peril? It is, I think, summed up in two sayings of our Lord, which form the text for the rest of this sermon: *'Be not . . . anxious for the morrow: for the morrow will be anxious for itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' 'Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.'* (MATT. vi. 34 ; LK. xii. 32.)

That is the Christian confidence. What is it based on? It is based on the knowledge that God has purposes for the individual and for society which are quite unaffected by such things as the atom bomb and its works.

The Word of God is clear that the purpose of our individual lives is the formation of our souls for divine fellowship. This fate of our souls is the only thing for which we can ultimately, under God, be wholly and solely responsible; and we are wholly and solely responsible for it, whatever the circumstances. The circumstances really do not matter. Hardship can separate us from God in bitterness, or can drive us to Him in need. Prosperity can lead us to God in service and thanksgiving, or shut us from Him in self-content. If circumstances make any difference at all, perhaps we can say this—our task of soul-making is easier in a declining than in a rising society. For in an age of achievement and progress men are smug; they think they have found their salvation in themselves, and they have no desperate urge to seek it in anything beyond. But in a doomed society bitter need forbids men to put their confidence in anything less than God.

But, it may be said, is not this view wrongly, even wickedly, individualistic? Does it not callously look on society merely as a means to the end of the self, and is not man's real life on a better plane than that? No; for our societies also come within the scope of God's plan of redemption. There is no suggestion that we are saved as mere units. If you study what the Bible says about salvation, you will see that it is often spoken of in terms of the family or the nation, and very frequently in terms of the Church. The note throughout is, 'that apart from us they should not be made perfect', nor we apart from them. Salvation is social—but not necessarily in *our* way. God's plans do not depend upon our politics. Jesus knew that the Kingdom of God was coming; but the Jewish nation and the Roman Empire—its obvious vehicles in those days—have fallen, and the Kingdom still tarries. 'Of that day and hour knoweth no one, not even the angels

HONEST AUTOBIOGRAPHY [1]

BY G. C. MARTIN

What are we to suppose it is that makes a man write his autobiography? Presumably it is either that he is so impressed by himself that he wishes to tell the world his life-story, or that he is thought of so highly by others that they persuade him to write about his life and experiences and opinions. A man must be either singularly self-conscious or singularly unself-conscious if he is to set about the writing of his autobiography. If he sets about the writing of it self-consciously, then he does it with a view to the effect. He adopts a pose. He writes as one who deliberately plays a part before the public, who exploits himself for the entertainment of others and for his own self-advertisement. The self-conscious writer of his own life is usually, I think, keenly alive to the publicity value of his autobiography, for he is aware that he has already become sufficiently noteworthy, or it may even be notorious, to make it distinctly worth his while to tell his life-story. He may be a politician, an actor, a writer, or something less respectable than any of these. If anyone undertakes to write his autobiography in this way, it is very unlikely that it will be really honest. It will present a picture of the author as he sees himself, or as he believes he sees himself. The tendency will be to make his autobiography an affair of high lights, of striking situations which show him to advantage, of witty conversations in which the hero of the story takes a suitable share, of relationships with eminent and impressive people. Such an autobiography is not really a life; it is a series of episodes connected together by the teller of the story rather than a life. If such a book does not pretend to be more than it is, we can accept it for what it is worth. If it is not to be taken as anything more than a book of memoirs or reminiscences, or impressions, then it may pass muster. The reader can accept it at its true value, which is not really autobiographical.

But this kind of self-conscious spurious autobiography can often be peculiarly irritating, because it is so unnatural; it is out of proportion. A book of this kind does not seem honest, because it is too calculated, too obviously designed to impress. It is as irritating as a book as its writer probably is as a man. A particularly annoying type of book is the book of impressions and judgments written round the autobiographical prattlings of a comparative youngster, who happens already to have gained a place in the public eye and who, much too early, turns to the writing of this spurious kind of autobiography, in which he chatters of himself and his reactions to other people, offers his superficially witty impressions of those who are actually far superior to him, passes his immature judgments on books, pictures, ideas, and sometimes sets out to 'debunk' in a way which is ill-bred and officious. A book of this kind has no real value at all; it is merely a piece of cheap self-advertisement, which adds nothing to the author's reputation.

There is, however, the kind of autobiography which is of quite a different kind, which, one feels, must have been written because the author was pressed to write it by friends and admirers. This may not be good for the writer, but it seems a much better reason for writing one's life-story than the cocksureness that sets a man to scribbling about himself as a means of self-advertisement. Some autobiographies of this kind are written because the person whose life-story is being told has been so closely bound up with a cause or undertaking. A national leader, if he is genuine, does not write his life-story simply to tell about himself and his own judgments and reactions, but because in telling the story of his experiences, he shows himself in relation to something far greater than himself. This is true, for example, of the *Autobiography* of Nehru, whose life-story is so intimately identified with the growth of Indian Nationalism and the struggle for political independence. This is true, also,

[1] A talk in a series 'Rare Virtues', broadcast from AIR, Madras, on 25th July, 1946. Published by kind permission of the Station Director.

of people whose lives have been devoted to some great piece of research and discovery, or to exploration. In such cases we find something quite unlike the work of the self-conscious, posing, self-advertising autobiographers, who occupy the centre of the picture and whose life-story has no greater reason for being written than the determination of the author to write about himself.

Devotion to a great and mastering ideal—political, social, scientific, humanitarian, religious—gives a man's life-story a directness and honesty, a bigness, a lack of self-consciousness, which are only too rarely the marks of this type of writing. The writer is lifted above himself and the consciousness of himself to identification with something greater. He writes of men whom he esteems more highly than he does himself, of actions that he values more than his own accomplishments.

In such cases, the work, even if called an autobiography, is much more than that, for the story of the writer's life is not the *reason* for the book. The reason for the book is the bigger concern, the cause for which he fought, the ideal which he served, the group with which he worked, and so the lime-light is not focussed on the one figure and those who are at any particular time in touch with him; the light is diffused.

There is a certain type of autobiography which we may call spiritual autobiography. Its purpose is to share with others the spiritual experiences of the writer. It is here that honesty is of the utmost importance. Nothing can be more nauseating than spiritual exhibitionism, but really great spiritual autobiography is honest and sincere in tone because it is written under the movement of a spirit which for the time possesses the writer: In this connection, I think of two great spiritual classics of English literature, which are autobiographical in the sense that they share the writer's thoughts and experiences with the reader with obvious sincerity. They are autobiography of a specialised kind. They would lose their force, their appeal, if they were merely general autobiography with special spiritual 'high-lights' included for effect. The two books of which I am thinking are the *Religio Medici* of Sir Thomas Browne, a seventeenth century physician, and the *Apologia pro Vita Sua* of Cardinal Newman, which belongs to last century. In the *Religio Medici*, Sir Thomas Browne, himself a doctor, sets forth his claim to 'assume the honourable stile of a Christian' (to use his own words), in spite of the fact that many people would assume that because he is a doctor, he is unlikely to be a man of religious convictions. So in this very personal and intimate spiritual autobiography, called *A Doctor's Religion*, he sets forth his faith quietly and without ostentation, illustrating what he has to say from the wealth of a curiously and variously stored mind. Autobiography of this sort is sincere and honest, because its purpose is not self-advertisement but sharing of experience. Then, Newman feels impelled to write an Apology for his religious life, or a defence or vindication of his religious beliefs, not because he wishes to parade himself before the public—Newman was the last man to make a bid for publicity—but because his position as a sincere convert from Protestantism to the Church of Rome had been misinterpreted by his contemporary Charles Kingsley. Newman felt that his position needed to be vindicated, not that he as an individual needed to be vindicated. He opens his book with the significant words: 'It may easily be conceived how great a trial it is for me to write the following history of myself, but I must not shrink from the task.' Here, too, we are face to face with something very different from the average run of autobiography or memoirs, too often self-assertive, self-opinionative, and, even if not that, at any rate over-facile and cheap. This kind of honesty which emerges out of an inner struggle and an unwillingness to express oneself, is a fine and rare kind of honesty.

There are other forms of autobiography which may be called indirect autobiography. Some novelists find scope in their novels for the recounting of their own experiences, the partial telling of their life-story. Dickens does this to some extent in his *David*

Copperfield; Charlotte Brontë in her *Jane Eyre* and *Villette*; Somerset Maugham in his long and obviously autobiographical novel *Of Human Bondage*. When he writes such novels, the novelist escapes from the restrictions of the purely autobiographical form and enjoys the wider freedom of the novel. Another English writer who gives us indirect autobiography, although not in the form of real novels, is George Borrow, the material for whose series of books, *Lavengro, The Romany Rye*, and *The Bible in Spain*, is largely drawn from his own experiences. It may not be easy to trace in such books as Borrow's the line which divides fiction from autobiography, but it is clear that there is a strong strain of autobiography running through them.

There are writers who have not written autobiographies, but who have left autobiographical fragments, sketches. These are the writers of personal essays, letters and diaries. We may be able to get more valuable information from a man through his essays, letters or diaries than we could from an intentional, full-length autobiography. In writing this, he is on his guard; he is conscious of a main purpose; in writing fragmentary autobiography he is writing more spontaneously, with less premeditation. Charles Lamb never wrote an autobiography, and would, I think, have shrunk from such an idea, but his essays and letters give us many views of the man himself, of his personal relationships, and of his opinions, general and literary. From the material provided by his essays and letters it is possible to reconstruct very effectively a picture of the man Charles Lamb. The work of almost any personal essayist is autobiographical in interest and is all the more honest because it is so much less calculated and pretentious than a full-length work about oneself and one's opinions. Essays are thrown off; they are the quick reflections of a relationship, of a point of view, of an emotion, of an experience, and out of their variety and brevity can grow a composite picture, which may be more life-like and striking than a carefully built-up and deliberately designed story of a life.

Of course, particularly interesting are letters and diaries not intended for publication, which later on see the light of day. There, if anywhere, we see the autobiographer in undress, at ease, unheeding the impression he may make, unhampered by personal considerations or by consideration for those about whom he writes. He confides himself unreservedly to his page. Outstanding among such writers in English is Samuel Pepys, the diarist of the seventeenth century, whose Diary was written in cipher and a sort of shorthand. It opens on 1st January, 1660, and closes on 31st May, 1669, when the writer's failing eyesight compelled him to give it up. The famous Diary remained undeciphered until the year 1825, more than a century and a half after Pepys had begun it. In writing his Diary, Pepys has certainly, secure under the protection of his cipher, unbosomed himself, both as regards himself and the age in which he lived. Freed from that self-consciousness which too often hampers the writer of deliberate autobiography, Pepys enjoyed himself and wrote as he felt inclined, with the result that there emerges from the pages of his Diary a very entertaining and natural picture of himself as well as an illuminating and fascinating picture of the period in which he wrote. Another famous diary, also published long after the writer's death, is that of John Evelyn, who was a contemporary of Pepys. This Diary is noted for its brilliant portraits of contemporary figures.

In discussing this subject, I have tended perhaps to discuss various types of autobiography rather than just the rarity of honest autobiography, but in closing, let me go back to the subject, able from this short survey of autobiography, both direct and indirect, to conclude that the less direct and conscious autobiography is, the more honest and convincing it is likely to be. Really honest autobiography of the direct, deliberate kind is not easy to write and rare to find, because the danger is that the writer, made self-conscious by his attempt at self-portraiture, too often throws his own picture out of focus and so distorts the attempted reflection of himself as well as of others.

THE TERMS TAMIL AND DRAVIDA

A STUDY OF THEIR CHANGES IN FORM AND MEANING [1]

By K. M. George, M.A.

I

There has been much controversy on the origin and meaning of the word 'Tamil' and its relation to the word 'Dravida.' Are these two words synonymous? If so, which was the earlier, and how was it derived from the other? Scholars are divided in their opinions on these problems.

The term 'Dravidian' is now used generically for the South Indian People and their languages, and 'Tamil' for a member of the Dravidian family. But what did these words signify originally? Dr. Caldwell thinks that they are identical and that Tamil is derived from Dravida. Other scholars maintain that Tamil is the older form and that Dravida was derived from it. Some of them say that Tamil means sweetness and beauty and hence it shows that the Tamil language is sweet; others that the word was derived from *tenmoḻi* meaning 'Language of the South.' Even among the Sanskrit pandits, some say that Tamil is a corrupt form of Dravida, others that Dravida is a sanskritised form of Tamil. M. Srinivasa Iyengar, the author of the much-discussed 'Tamil Studies', says that 'Dravida' is purely of Sanskrit origin and may be a compound of two words *dra* (to run) and *vid* (a piece of land), meaning 'a place to which one runs as a place of retreat.' But finally he says that the derivation of the word is doubtful. Still he maintains that the two words have originated differently. He breaks the word Tamil into *tam + izh*; where *tam* is a reflexive pronoun and *izh* means sweetness. So much is enough to show how conflicting and confusing the views of scholars are.

Let us start with the question of derivation again. 'I have come to the conclusion that the words Tamil and Dravida, though they seem to differ a good deal, are identical in origin', says Bishop Caldwell. Consider the following forms of the same, which appear in several records—Damiḷa (old pali of Mahāvamso), davila, davida (literature of the Jains), dramiḍa (Varāhamihira's *Brihatsamhita*). These forms could not have occurred merely by chance; they definitely show different stages in one process. So, I think, we can safely accept Caldwell's opinion. But then, which is the original form? Caldwell continues, 'Supposing them to be one and the same, it will be found much easier to derive Tamil from Dravida than Dravida from Tamil.' His arguments can be condensed like this:

(*a*) *Dravida ⟶ Dramiḍa.*

Both forms are found in *Brihatsamhita*. The change of '*v*' to '*m*' or of '*m*' to '*v*' is seen even in Sanskrit. Consider the Malayalam word ammāman and its later form 'ammāvan'. Similar changes show that it is no more common to change '*v*' to '*m*' than '*m*' to '*v*'.

(*b*) *Dramiḍa ⟶ Dramiḷa.*

The form dramiḷa occurs in Taranatha's 'Tibetan History of the Propagation of Buddhism in India' (1573); also in the old Malayalam versions of the puranas. Nadi in Sanskrit has become Naḷi in Malayalam.

(*c*) *Dramiḷa ⟶ Damiḷo.*

Damiḷa is the form used in the pali of Mahāvamso. Caldwell says that the compound '*dr*' is quite un-Dravidian and hence it is left out. But the usual tendency in the Dravidian languages is to introduce a vowel between '*ḍ*' and '*ṛ*' as in Tamil diravyam (Sanskrit 'dravyam').

(*d*) *Damiḷo ⟶ Tamil.*

In Tamil the initial '*d*' becomes '*t*' as a rule. Dr. Caldwell is rather doubtful about the change of '*ḍ*' in Dravida to ḷ in

[1] ḷ=ള, ḻ=ഴ, d=ദ, ḍ=ഡ ṯ=ത, ṭ=ട,

Tamiḻ; but he concludes that each of the changes that have taken place is in accordance with a recognized Dravidian Law of Sound Change.

Dr. Grierson, the author of the Linguistic Survey of India, differs from Dr. Caldwell. 'The name Dravidian is a conventional one. It is derived from the Sanskrit Dravida, a word which is again probably derived from Dramila, Damila and is identical with the name of Tamil.' He does not go into the details of the transformation. His main argument is that Damiḷa is the form the word assumes in the oldest Aryan literature and *other forms like Dravida*, Dramiḷa, Dramiḍa, etc., appear only later. Therefore the likely transformation would have been, Tamiḻ, Tamiḷa, Damiḷa, Damiḍa, Dramiḍa, Draviḍa.

Let us see if these changes could be explained satisfactorily. First of all ḻ is not found in the Aryan languages and therefore the change to Tamiḷ is justified. Cōḻa in Dravidian languages becomes Cōḷa in Sanskrit. Even among the Dravidian languages, we find the interchange of the letters ḻ, ḷ and ḍ. Thus ēḻu in Tamil and Malayalam becomes ēḷu in Kanada and ēḍu in Telugu. The original form might have been ēḻu. But the change of ḻ to ḷ is not complete in itself, for in the Aryan tongue a noun which ends in ḷ is not to be seen and so it would have taken the form Tamiḷa (ending in a vowel). Now how could Tamiḷa become Damiḷa? In Sanskrit 'mahat', 'jagat', etc., become 'mahad', 'jagad,' etc., but such a change at the beginning of a word is not usual. In Telugu we often get instances of sonants being used for surds. Similar influences might have been in existence in Sanskrit also; anyhow this change is not explained easily.

In Sanskrit ḷ often becomes ḍ (*e.g.* jaḷa —>jaḍa), and damiḷa would have taken the form damiḍa. The next change of damiḍa to dramiḍa is really the most difficult to explain. This is supposed, by some scholars, to be a sanskritising tendency. How could this new sound *r* come in? 'ḍ' and 'm' are both sonants and for euphonic reasons '*r*' might have come in between. Consider the different forms of the following words:—Inci (Mal) has become Sringivēram[1] (Skt.). Vārānnidhi has become Vārārnidhi[2]. Tāmbapanni has become Tāmraparni. Similar tendencies are seen in anglicising certain words also.

The explanation for this change is not very satisfactory, but is not altogether impossible.

Thus we see that it is possible to explain the transformation of Dravida from Tamil. Another point is that for a tolerably civilised race, with some literature, there *cannot but be a native name for the mother* tongue. They would not have waited until one was supplied by the Aryans, neither would they have accepted it. Bishop Caldwell also is quite conscious of this, though he prefers the former derivation.

II

I have already pointed out that the word Tamil is used at present in a restricted sense. There is another word 'Tiraviḍa' current in the Tamil language to convey the sense of 'Dravida', which is used in a wider sense. 'Tiraviḍa' is only a tadbhava of Dravida and the fact that there was need to adopt a tadbhava of Draviḍa, indicates the change in meaning that the word has undergone. Living languages always change, and because it is the property of a society, no *single individual* could stop the process of sound-change. Professor Whitney remarks that the materials of language may either change in form or change in meaning. The word 'Dravida' has changed in meaning as well as in form.

Firstly the name denoted a people or race, and secondly the country which the people occupied. The assumption that Tamil or Dravida was primarily the name of a language is wrong. Words like Danish, Irish, Mahratta, Portuguese, signified the race and country, and later the language used by the people. In the Sangam works no poet uses 'Tamil' as the name of the language, which is really significant. Take for

[1] Bishop Caldwell.
[2] Though the usage is wrong, it throws light on the law of change suggested here.

instance the following stanza from Cilappadhikaram.

Neṭiyōn Kūnṭamun toṭiyōn peḷavamun
Tamilvaram parutta taṉpunnāṭu.[1]

(The cool country of the Tamils bounded by Vishnu's Hill and the bangled lady's sea—Kumari.)

There are several passages in other books also (Tolhāppiyam etc.) to say that Tamiḷakam or the land of the Tamils has extended east and west from sea to sea and north and south from the Tirupati Hills to Cape Comorin. The word here indicates the people and the country, but the area of the country is restricted from Tirupati to the Cape. Prof. Wilson and Sir Monier Williams give three senses in which 'Dravida' is used: (1) The country in which the Tamil language is spoken, (2) an inhabitant of the country, and (3) a class of Brahminical tribe called the 'five Dravidas'. We have already given the first and the second, and there is some measure of agreement among scholars regarding those. But the third is subject to severe criticism. The 'pancha dravidas' are Andhras, Kannadas, Mahratis, Gujaratis and Tamils. Here we find that the word 'Tamils' is used in a restricted sense and 'Dravida' in a very wide sense, to include even the Mahratis and Gujaratis. I am inclined to think that a foreigner is likely to use the term in a more general sense than the local people. For example, the Tamil language was spoken of as the language of Malabar. Fabricius (18th century), describing his Tamil-English Dictionary, says, 'Dictionary of Malabar and English wherein the words and phrases of Tamulian language, commonly called by Europeans the Malabar language, are explained in English.'

The famous quotation 'Āndhradrāviḍa bhāṣa' from Kumarilabhatta is alleged to be erroneous by P. T. Srinivasa Iyengar. He says the correct reading is 'Drāviḍādi bhāṣa.' If so, the term neither indicates two languages nor two races, but just the language of the Dravidas, etc. This can well be the primitive Dravidian language, which Caldwell denotes as the parent stalk. Here we see the tendency to name the language also, with the same term. Dravidi or the language of the Dravidas was also considered by Sanskrit philologists as one of the minor prakrit dialects (*cf* Caldwell's 'Comparative Grammar of Dravidian Languages', p. 5). They held this language in contempt and even ventured to call it the language of the demons (paisāci). In Sanskrit lexicons, Draviḍa is described as a man of an outcaste tribe descended from a degraded Kshatriya. Manu gives a list of twelve tribes of Kshatriyas who have gradually sunk into the state of Vrishalas or Outcastes, and the Dravidas are one among them. In modern times one would only laugh at this kind of abuse of the freedom of speech. We can agree with Caldwell when he says that they meant by Dravidi not Tamil alone, but Dravidian languages generally. But one cannot forget that Caldwell is responsible for fixing the name 'Dravidian' for the South Indian family of languages.

Changes in meaning did not stop there, for these words are used in a much more restricted sense, in the writings in Tamil and Malayalam between the tenth century and the fourteenth century. Dr. Grierson has divided the Dravidian family into four groups, one of them the 'Drāvida'. It includes Tamil, Malayalam, Tulu and Kannada. Whatever may be the reason that led him to a division into four groups, we can safely agree that the languages of the Dravida group have distinctive features of their own. There is reason to believe that this group was called 'Tamil' in general.

Take, for instance, the quotation from an old Tamil work, 'Tamiḷnāṭṭumaivēntarum vantār', referring to the five Kings of Pandyam, Cholam, Keralam, Karnatakam and Telunku. Here all the important linguistic provinces are represented. But Telugu seems to be left out after some time. Kannada, Tulu and Malayalam were spoken of as Kārinaṭṭutamil, Tulunāṭṭutamil and Malanaṭṭutamil respectively, but there is no reference like Telunkunāṭṭutamil. A similar

[1] Tamil Studies, p. 9.

qualification for modern Tamil' was Sentamil. The separation of Telugu from this group makes us doubt how far P. T. Srinivasa Iyengar is right in his allegation that 'Andhradrāvida Bhāṣa' is erroneous.

Attur Krishna Pisharoti, a revered scholar in Malayalam, argues from the above that Tamil might have just meant language (Bhāṣa). Of course it suits the references given by him; but we cannot agree with his view, since the word Tamil is not found in any of the Dravidian languages conveying that sense, and it could not have lost that significance everywhere.

The term 'Tamil' is largely used in old Malayalam works to signify the Malayalam language. This is taken by some Tamil scholars to prove that Malayalam is an undeveloped dialect of Tamil, which only shows ignorance of Malayalam Grammar. Consider, for example, the use of the term in the following:—

(1) Amaramtamilkuttu.
(2) Nampiyanmārute tamil.
(3) Nāgānamdam tamil.
(4) Cīrāmananpinotiyampina tamil-kavivallor (*Ramacaritam*).

This only shows that during those times 'Tamil' meant all the languages of at least the Dravida group. Niranam poet Ramapanickar, while introducing his work 'Brahmānandapurana,' says 'Tamiḷāyikkontariyikkunnēn,' which means 'I am saying in Tamil'. This does not mean that he is writing the book in Sentamil. His venture is to translate Vyasa's Brahmanandapurana, which appears in Sanskrit, into the Dravidian tongue and therefore by Tamil he means only the Dravidian language as opposed to Sanskrit. Another striking example is in Līlātilakam, the oldest grammar of Malayalam, written in Sanskrit style. While dealing with the Manipravāla type of poems (a mixture of Malayalam and Sanskrit) the author says 'tamiḷmani Samskrita paviḷam' (Tamil gem and Sanskrit coral—both having the same colour). The author definitely does not mean by the word 'Tamil' any other language than Malayalam. So now we see how the term Tamil has been used in a restricted sense.

The present connotation of Tamil is for Sentamil only, which is definitely a very restricted meaning. During several centuries of evolution the word Tamil had various forms and various shades of meaning. We have seen the word 'Tamil' or one of its several forms including 'Draviḍa' being used to represent the whole of the Dravidian family, the languages of the Dravida group and the modern Sentamil. At any time it was used in more than one sense, though the extent of its application has decreased due to various factors.

CITIES OF NIGHT

BY R. VENKATESWARAN

At the stroke of the blaring alarm that heralds
The breaking of the lurid, joyless day, the tired
People made callous by the inexorable call of routine
Rise nerveless from their beds which afford no real rest.
In frantic restlessness, they grab their tools and gulp
Their tasteless food, and don their working clothes
And troop before the hell-hole where the monstrous
Locomotive throbs waiting for its human cargo load.
Swiftly, at a stroke, all the hives are emptied out
Only to discharge their occupants in grottoes whose
Air smells of hot metals and burning oil.
Their automatic hands work at pulls and buttons
The whole day long: the beautiful day, so rich
And warm, full of colours and pleasing sights and sounds
Does not exist for them; these idolators of the machine
In convulsive devotion to their obscene idols, efface
Their manhood and joy in abject slavery.
Time, for them, consists but of the moving metal hands
In front of a white polished dial, blazoned with figures.
And at the shrill hour when the ritual ends
And the last fragments of light are tidied away
By the monster broom of night, this human brood
Again troops before the pitch-dark hell-holes waiting
For the throbbing train which will discharge them
Back into their hives, where they can never know
The subtle joys of home or feminine ministering—
And sink into their nightly torpor with no thoughts
But of the blaring alarm that shall set them off
Again. Thus do the doomed people of the Cities of Night
Spend their life. O when shall Man be human again?

IN THE FIRST PERSON SINGULAR

By T. V. Dattatriyan, *Third Year Honours (English)*

Bat in hand I strode into the field,
Putting on my gloves while on my way,
And let a sweet smile play on my lips,
And directed it towards the bowler,
Who resembled
The Empress of Blandings Castle,
And the umpire,
Shining in borrowed feathers,
Looking very important indeed,
Every inch a twentieth-century Selkirk,
A monarch of all he surveyed.
It always pays, you know,
To be on good terms with these two.
I picked up the piece of chalk,
And said to the umpire at the bowler's end
Reverently, almost in a whisper :
'Leg stump, please.'
Having taken the guard, I looked about—
All the players do likewise, you know,
All the seasoned ones, at any rate—
And waited for the onslaught.
The bowler, who, as I said,
Resembled The Empress of Blandings Castle,
Rushed at me,
Came down like the wolf on the fold,
And hurled the ball at my head.
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air
Down it came !
Down from the shoulder, down it came
As on some partridge in the corn a hawk
That long has tower'd in the airy clouds
Drops like a plummet.
I ducked promptly !
Not that I liked being out so soon,
But because I liked my head the more . . .
My head !
A Poet's head !
Can't afford to lose it—
Can't suffer chaps to split it into two,
And especially chaps who resemble
The Empress of Blandings Castle—
What's a Poet without a Head ?
Yes, without a HEAD ? . . .
Middle stump gone !
Gone with the wind !
Out ! With a century yet unscored !

'AIYYAYYO!'
OUT!
My smile wasted on the Empress—
That smile that would have made bowlers melt under its sweetness.
I threw an angry look at my bat
With a you've—let—me—down—badly air,
And kicked an imaginary stone off the pitch.
Revenge!
A cheerful prospect!
Reporters would write : 'The ball was diverted to the stumps
By a tiny stone on the pitch.'
I smiled at the bowler
With superior wisdom!
Oh! The idea of a century!
And then the anti-climax—
The route march back to the Pavilion,
Looking glum all the while
As tho' of Heber Hall coffee I'd drunk.
Happy thought : When I went in to bat
The score was just nineteen for eight.
And now it is something more,
Nineteen for NINE.

THE HUT IN THE PALMYRA GROVE

By K. J. Kuriyan, *5th Year Honours* (*History*)

It was noon of a day in mid-summer, still and hot; and a cloud that floated becalmed was all alone, save for one solitary kite that kept it company. There was no breeze, not even a whisper in the leaves.

Indeed we seemed the only active beings about. The heat waves danced on the road, and the car was so hot that we could scarcely touch its body. The heat did not improve our tempers, frayed already by the breakdown; my little brother and sister had begun to quarrel.

The driver muttered under his breath as he struggled with the engine. My father stood impatiently watching, and I was holding some tools, pretending to be of use.

A few yards away was a huge tamarind tree, casting its shade so very temptingly. At last I left the car in the sun, and moved towards the foot of the tree, where my mother had already taken refuge. Ah! It was like climbing from the steaming plains to high cool hills, like going from Purgatory to Paradise, in an instant! I sprawled in the grass—in the shade grass bravely grew, though a trifle withered—cooling like an overheated steam engine.

I felt better soon. I cast a long look about me.

It was a typical Indian scene: rocky hills in the distance; palmyra palms raising their heads here and there to punctuate the sky with their green plumes; fields, barren now; small stunted shrubs; cactus by the road; and not a living creature about. It was noontide, and all had rested from labour—which was fortunate, for otherwise, a crowd of idlers and children would have gathered around us. But, as I looked around me, I realised we were not quite alone.

There, some distance away to the right, amidst a small grove of palmyra trees and one high, shady rain-tree, stood a small mud hut, thatched with palmyra leaves.

A woman sat at the door, a peasant woman such as one can meet in country fields, ploughing the land and reaping the harvest, or toiling in city factories or mills. She was gazing at the lively unusual scene before her; the car with the driver and my father still bending over the engine; my mother and me under the tamarind tree; and the children quarrelling or playing, I could not make out which, under another, while the Ayah vainly tried to make them drink some milk.

I watched her, for I had nothing else to do. I had seen a thousand like her—in my home a couple of peasant women laboured—but never before had I given them a moment's thought. Now, suddenly, I thought of the terrible difference between her and me. She now seemed to me to be transformed into the very embodiment of the countless million peasants of India—the poorest, the most ignorant, downtrodden and oppressed in the world! A line which I had read somewhere came to my mind: 'Children of the soil, children of misery, children of India!' And here was my sister refusing a cup of pure sweet milk, and my brother turning his head away from some biscuits!

I wondered if she too was thinking about this—or could she, did she think of such things at all? Had sorrow and suffering, poverty and toil, reduced her into a mere beast of burden, unthinking of the future? Did she take it for granted that God should have given so much of the good things of life to us and denied them all to her?

And that hut, which was her home, dearer perhaps to her than a palace to a prince—for he could have many and she had only one—it was smaller than our car shed, and much poorer; and there she, and her husband, and her children—though I had not seen them, I was sure she had some, all peasants have—lived and loved, laboured and slept. What a life, I thought. Had she ever known happiness? For a moment I felt thoroughly ashamed of myself, lolling in the tree's cool shelter. Why should I have so much, while here before

me was one who had so little? While my mother and sisters had so many saris and blouses, ornaments and shoes to match and to contrast, for every occasion, and new ones for every new party, she had perhaps only that tattered and dirty piece of cloth, once checked and brightly coloured, now brown like the earth and herself!

There was hope and happiness for us in the future—that, I felt was the greatest gulf between us. For me there were new heights to conquer, new fields to discover in the world of learning or public service. I possessed the influences of family and wealth, and most of all, I possessed a good education, the minds of great men were open to me. While each day was the same to her, till she must die, exhausted in the fields perhaps, toiling till the end. Her children, born in poverty, reared in squalor, must live and die in misery. Was there no hope for them to rise to higher levels? Or like the starved cattle they tended, were they destined to live, for ever eking out a miserable existence on their parched and tiny fields? What injustice! What inequalities! Did God include them when He declared He had created Man in His own image to bear dominion over earth and sea, to be the master of the fowls of the air, and the fish of the sea and the beasts of the land? To what depths from that lordly state had these descended! Was this what man had made of man?

I was coming to despise my lazy, selfish existence for the first time in my life, and it was not a pleasant experience. But the woman suddenly got up and disappeared inside the hut. On an impulse, deciding to examine the hut at closer quarters, I slowly walked towards it.

I saw that, though of crumbling mud and thatch, it was scrupulously clean. A rickety rope-bed lay outside. And as I approached I saw the other side, which from the road the hut and the rain-tree had hidden. I paused under a palm, I did not want to intrude. I stood there watching, seeing all, and yet unseen.

A large round mud pot stood on the ground outside the hut, filled with water—water no doubt laboriously brought from the well some distance away. Round it were three children. This was what had kept them from rushing to see a broken-down car. They were chattering and laughing as happily as any children could. The oldest, a girl, must have been about eight or nine. And then a boy of four or so, and a little child, still in that delicious stage of crawling on all fours and 'half-lisped unmeaning words.'

They were going to have their bath—a very great occasion indeed, I felt.

The girl took the child in her arms,—there was of course no dress to be removed,—and poured water over it with a tin can. There was no soap, only something to scrub it with; and when she had finished, she just left it to dry in the sun on a mat. The blazing sun had come in useful at last! Then it was the boy's turn. He also treated the water as a precious thing; and when he finished, he too merely basked in the sun to dry. I wondered at their constitutions. Why, if I do not have the briskest rub-down after a bath, I catch a cold at once!

The bathings of the day were over, I decided, and was about to turn away, when I saw the girl returning with a small bundle of clothes. The washing had yet to be done! And a vision of the modern bathrooms at home or in College flashed through my mind—the 'showers' under whose deliciously refreshing spray I would spend exquisitely cool minutes, many times a day, when the heat was as great as now. Two children bathed, and all the clothes washed, in one pot of water!

I saw the mother come out of the hut. She picked up the baby in her arms and bent to kiss it. Then I was startled by the roar of the car bursting into life as suddenly as it had failed into silence. The horn told me the others were ready to start. I turned away, a little reluctantly, for I had been transported into a different world. The last I saw ere I reached the car was the girl about to take her bath, and with that same pot of water!

We went swiftly on our way, down the long winding road, for our destination was a hundred miles away. Mountains and

valleys; paddy fields that sometimes stretched to the horizon, while coconut palms waved their graceful plumes by river banks; or rocks and boulders, and cactus clumps; or casuarina plantations with the wind sighing through the leaves; flocks of sheep and goats grazing near the road, holding up the car, cattle and buffaloes that refused to move and walked away as slowly as if all the road and time itself was theirs; great tanks full of cranes and herons and paddy birds—and every scene with a charm of its own. How beautiful this southern land of mine, this sun-kissed peninsula of contrasting climes—of torrid heat and temperate cold—of the blue mountains of the Nilgiris, Eucalyptus-clad; of the hot, hilly, red tableland of the Deccan; of the lagoons and rivers and unending paddy fields and coconut groves of green Kerala!

But even as I thought of its loveliness, the poverty of the people was glaring me in the face. We passed through squalid villages of small all-alike mud huts, with children playing in the dirt, through towns where beggars crowded round at every halt. The naked people, the starved cattle, the filthy villages—the land is smiling, but her children suffer!

And as we swept past in lordly state, choking in dust those walking under their head-loads, and unceremoniously overtaking the innumerable bullock carts, the picture of that hut in the palmyra grove, and the woman, and the three children, would not fade from my mind.

I marvelled at that little girl, so young and capable, working so hard at a time when other children of her age would be at school or at play. How different had been our lives that day! For they were happy even amidst poverty, while we were fretting at the delay; the sun was their friend, while we suffered under its heat. Was the contrast, the gulf between us, too great ever to be bridged?

I thought of Disraeli's words: we indeed belong to two different nations, between whom there is no intercourse, and no sympathy; who are as ignorant of each others' habits, thoughts, and feelings as if we were dwellers in different zones, or inhabitants of different planets; who are formed by a different breeding, are fed by a different food, are ordered by different manners, and are not governed by the same laws—the Rich and the Poor!

I was so moved by my thoughts that I made great resolves—which I knew I would break next day! Most probably I would feel ashamed at having been so moved by so common a sight.

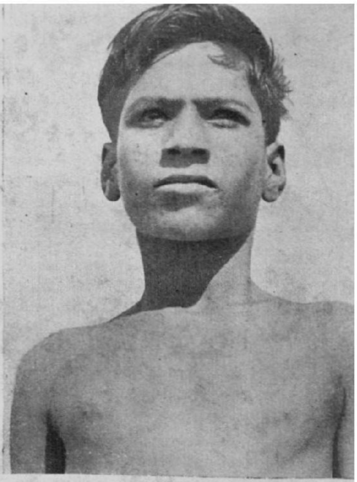
Yet for a moment I resolved to dedicate my life for the sake of my people, for my country. For a moment I could dream of the time when there shall be no rich, no poor, no prince or outcaste, and all shall live together in peace and equality and prosperity.

Out of dust, Gandhiji made us into men; and out of men we must fashion ourselves into men of light and leading, who will bring the era of the 'Common Man' into being. And in that day, from the slums will arise new Wealth, from the people new Genius, and from the land a Nation!

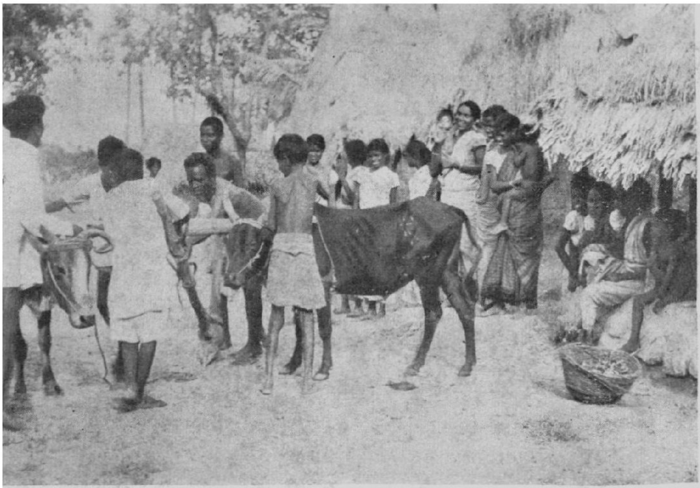
SOME

NEIGHBOURS

Irumbalur Cheri



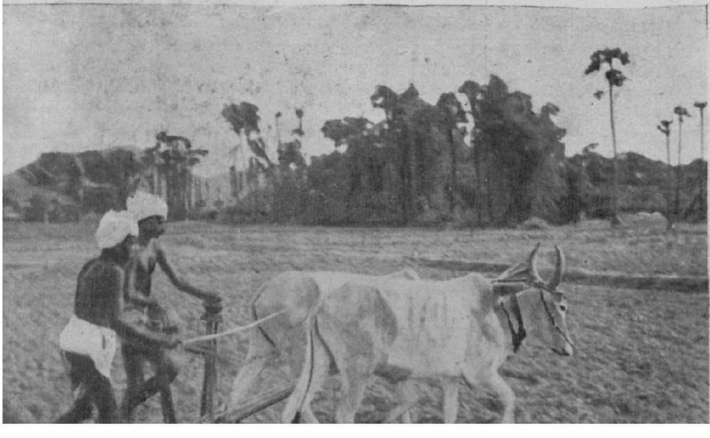
Photos: JRM and MST



SOME

NEIGHBOURS

(Continued)



‘DIVINE DISORDER’

By P. R. V. Bhiman, *4th-year Honours (Mathematics)*.

Let not the politically-minded reader run away with the idea that I am for mob rule and anarchy. My ‘disorder’ has a humbler scope and refers mainly to my study-table. I find that a most interesting opening for conversation whenever I bring round a new friend to my room; first a dignified apology, then a dark hint at what he would have witnessed had he come the day before: and afterwards the talk flows on without a break.

But disorder, I should say, is more than a policy, it is a principle with me. There was a time indeed when I thought otherwise, when I believed in the silly motto: ‘A place for everything and everything in its place.’ Now that I know better, I shudder to think of the abyss into which I had all but plunged. For order makes life unbearable. When you see your room neat and tidy, commonplace thoughts assail you. You feel like uttering some ponderous platitude or find yourself debating excitedly about some triviality. Fancy reading a picaresque novel like ‘ Gil Blas ’, or a poem like Shelley's ‘ Skylark ’, amidst such surroundings. Even original work in Science or Mathematics is impossible. You can at best calculate your Hall dues, or read ‘ Simon Lee ’, with this oppressive orderliness about you.

But let me wave the magic wand of confusion above your table and witness the result. The petty and the obvious fly screamingly away and great truths flash on you intuitively. Personally I know of nothing that convinces me so well of the struggle for existence, or conjures up the picture of Nature red in tooth and claw so vividly, as the sundry articles on my table jostling and fighting each other for a foothold. And I am morally certain that the description of storms, typhoons and hurricanes were almost always written just after the author had given up in despair the attempt to introduce order in his room.

It is perhaps unworthy of a prophet to confess to any weakness or defect in his creed. But in this case I shall dare the wrath of my fellow-enthusiasts and warn you that the life of a disorderly person has its seamy side too. If you have a mind to follow the noble doctrine of ‘away with order’ you will meet with grave difficulties. One of your greatest trials will be the entry of the sweeper into your stronghold every morning. For that official has a theory that all those loose sheets lying about on the floor are a great nuisance and he will commence operations in no very uncertain manner. So you will have to dive down shamefacedly now and then, rescue from the flood a handful of papers and bear them back to the table; when, lo! you will discover with dismay that what you took to be your Algebra notes are rough copies of the letter you wrote to your Warden applying for leave of absence on some fairly flimsy grounds. There is also a strong possibility that while you are concentrating on something important, your handkerchief, all fresh and downy from the wash, may be absorbing a lot of ink from the pen against which it rests. And to this day I am sorry I spoilt one of my most treasured books by placing it half-open on an oily duster.

But let me not dwell longer on this topic. Surely these trifling inconveniences cannot put us out of countenance. Besides, divine Disorder has its practical advantages too. Whenever somebody asks you for the loan of a book, you can make a feverish pseudo-search for it and wind up by saying, ‘ Sorry, I can't find it ’. Consider again the thrill of discovering the truant hand-mirror where you expected your New Testament, or of disinterring the lid of your inkbottle from beneath a pile of papers. When you are hard up for money there is always the happy chance (though seldom realized) of coming upon an eight-anna piece in some bulky volume. In short you never need envy the great explorers and navigators as long as you have a square yard of confusion in your room. And all this, mind you, can be had with very little trouble. The process of achieving disorder is simplicity itself. Just leave things alone for a week, and Nature will do the rest.

COLLEGE NOTES

CHANGES IN STAFF

Changes have for various reasons been more than usual. In addition to Mr. Divien and Mr. Rajasekharan, of whom we took leave in our last issue, Mr. Vedasiromani and Mr. P. C. George departed from amongst us at the end of the academic year, the former to be Principal of St. John's College, Palamcottah, which has been recently raised to the First Grade, and the latter to be Assistant Professor of Botany in the new St. Philomena's College, Mysore. Mr. Vedasiromani had been with us as Lecturer in History for almost exactly ten years. As teacher, as Vice-President of the Union Society, as President of the Cricket Club, and as one who was genuinely interested in individual students, he had made for himself a place in the life of the College which it will not be easy to fill. Mr. George had been with us for only a few years, but in the short time that he was with us he had made many friends, and he also is greatly missed. To both of them we offer our best wishes for happiness and success in the discharge of the wider responsibilities that have been laid upon them.

At the end of the first term, we took a reluctant farewell of Mr. D. Krishnaswami who had been in the Physics Department, first as Demonstrator and Tutor, and then as Lecturer, for about eight years. By his skill and thoroughness as a teacher, and by his quiet friendliness, Mr. Krishnaswami had established himself securely in the respect and affection of his students and his colleagues, and it was with a sense of loss that we said goodbye to him. He is joining a firm of instrument-makers in Madras, and we offer him very good wishes for success in this interesting new sphere.

We welcome to our midst Mr. Chandran Devanesan, who has come to us as Professor of History with a varied and interesting experience behind him; Mr. M. Sargurudoss who comes back to us as temporary Lecturer in History after a long absence from the fold; Mr. H. F. J. Daniel who was a student yesterday and is today a temporary Lecturer in Economics, Dr. Adiseshiah having taken leave for a year; Mr. A. A. Gnanadoss who joins us as Lecturer in Mathematics after twelve years of work in the American College, Madura, and has also become Sub-Warden of Bishop Heber Hall; Mr. S. Rungachary, who, after a year as tutor, has been appointed temporary Lecturer in Mathematics; Mr. S. Srinivasachari who has undertaken for a time the duties of Lecturer in French; Mr. R. Venkateswaran who has moved on from a Demonstratorship to a temporary Lecturership in Physics; Mr. K. Damodharan Tampan who, after four years in the Zamorin's College, Calicut, has come to us as Lecturer in Botany; and Mr. C. Ambasankaran who returns to us as temporary Lecturer in Physics, after some years of study and teaching elsewhere.

Finally we must note that, since our last issue, Mr. Bennet Albert and Mr. Godwin Rose have undergone a great change. We offer them our hearty congratulations and good wishes.

GORDON MATTHEWS

In the student world, generation succeeds generation with great rapidity, and not many now in Tambaram knew Gordon Matthews. To those of us who did know him, that seems strange, for during the years when 'Tambaram' was a-building, it was he who bore the heaviest share of the burden, and the place we now live in is constantly bringing him to our remembrance. Gordon Matthews was Professor of English in this College for seventeen years, and, as a teacher, he won the affection and admiration of his students. He was also, for a long period, Bursar of the College, and carried the heavy responsibilities of that office with ease, and even, at times, with

gaiety. But it was as Secretary of the Building Committee that he faced his hardest task, and he discharged it with a faithfulness, a tenacity of purpose, and a penetrating intelligence which deserve to be long remembered.

The last call came to him very suddenly. He was on holiday in the West Highlands of Scotland, and had gone alone to fish by a lonely loch. In the evening, when he failed to return home, he was found there on the lochside and it was clear that death had come suddenly and without pain. We would express our sympathy with Mrs. Matthews, and her sons and daughter, in their sudden loss.

O. K. VIJAYAN

To those who knew him, the announcement that O. K. Vijayan had passed away during the summer vacation, came as a great shock, for he was as full as ever of gaiety and vitality when we separated. Vijayan spent five years in Tambaram, and those who knew him could not choose but like him. He was always excellent company, and, though a first-rate student, was never in any danger of becoming a mere bookworm. His cheerful humour and his unaffected good-fellowship will long be remembered by his friends with gratitude and affection.

K. NARASIMHAN

News has also been received of the death, two or three months ago, of K. Narasimhan, who was Secretary of the College Union in 1945-46. A quiet man, few knew him when he was elected to this office, but he soon made himself known, both as a speaker and as an organizer. 'Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight.' We offer our sympathy to the bereaved family.

T. T. P. ABUBACKER

T. T. P. Abubacker had only just come to us, but he seemed like an old inhabitant, because of his resemblance to his two brothers who had been here before him. He was unwell almost from the beginning, but made few complaints, and made a gallant effort to carry on with his work until it was no longer possible. When at last he went to hospital, there was some difficulty in diagnosis, but not till the last moment was it realised how serious things were. Our sympathy goes out to his mother, and his brother Abdulla, who have suffered three painful bereavements within as many years.

DR. JOHN MATHAI

It is with great pleasure that we record that one of the members of the 'Interim Government', Dr. John Mathai, is, like his Zoological brother and many other members of his family, an old student of this College. He has held many important offices, and won many distinctions of every kind, from his student-days onwards, but this surely is an honour that makes all others look pale.

THE MAGAZINE

The Magazine again makes its first appearance late in the year, and even so in a form that requires some explanation. Paper is not so hard to get as it was last year, but it is still rationed, so that we are keeping to the crowded page that was adopted two years ago. There are other difficulties which make the printing of the Magazine a slow and troublesome business, and it would not have been possible in any case to get back to the pre-war measure of three numbers a year, each of sixty pages or more. And then Mr. Chandrasekharan during the first term found it necessary to resign his editorship, with regret which will be shared by all who are interested in the Magazine, and in a special measure by his fellow-editor. It was necessary to publish something during the second term, but this can only be a mark-time number, the best that could be done, we believe, without the repeated prodding of office-bearers and possible contributors which forms so large a part of the editor's job. We have no intention of apologising for the articles and reports that we publish, and indeed we feel that the contributions by students are of a high quality. What we regret is the silence of other contributors, who might have been landed if some more fishing had been possible. Like the Secretaries of most of the societies, we promise to try to

do better next time. Meanwhile the surviving editor requests any students who feel they might help to come forward boldly. It may have been noticed in the College Calendar, Part II, that provision is made for a strong editorial committee, in addition to the Editor or Editors and the Manager: a Literary Editor, to elicit essays, stories, verse, and drawings or photographs, from the shy or the lazy; a News Editor, to collect reports of College activities of every kind; an Advertisements Manager, to persuade booksellers, tailors, vendors of pertumery, and so on, to fill pages at the beginning and end of each copy, and to pay for them; and lastly, five Class Editors to help the Literary and News Editors. If any one is willing to volunteer or to recommend others, will he please communicate with the Editor as soon as possible? Meanwhile we have made a start in filling up the Editorial Committee: Mr. T. V. Dattatriyan (Third Year Honours, English), has been appointed Literary Editor for the rest of the year.

The next and last number will appear, it is to be hoped, early in March. In the early months of the year our Printers are getting busy with school-texts needed for June, and the great bulk of the 'copy' for the March Number must be ready for the press by the beginning of the Christmas vacation. The last date, therefore, for submitting contributions, or reports on the second-term activities of Societies, must be November 30.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB

THIS YEAR'S COLLEGE DRAMATIC PRODUCTION:

BEN JONSON'S *The Silent Woman*

We are hoping to give a performance later in the year of Ben Jonson's *The Silent Woman*. As there will not be another issue of the College Magazine before this production, we should like to say something about this play, even although it is some considerable time before it will be performed.

Last year a new experiment was tried in dramatic performances in the College with the production of 'A Doll's House', by Ibsen the 19th century Norwegian dramatist. This is a serious and in some ways difficult play, but we feel that it justfied the experiment and introduced actors and audience alike to a new type of play.

This year we are going to perform a very different play, which takes us back to English literature and to the time of Shakespeare. Ben Jonson (1572–1637) was a contemporary of Shakespeare and was the most important after Shakespeare of the large group of playwrights who wrote for the theatre during the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and her successor James I. Ben Jonson wrote a long series of comedies, which were very successful. He wrote two tragedies, but it is as a writer of comedies that he is really known. One of these comedies is called *Every Man in his Humour*, and this title gives the key to the kind of comedy Jonson wrote. Much of his comedy depends upon people's 'humours', that is to say their individual oddities, peculiarities, idiosyncrasies. Jonson's comedies are realistic. His plays give a vivid impression of the London of his day, of scenes and characters with which he was familiar. In the Prologue to *Every Man in his Humour* the author explains to his audience the kind of play he has written, which is made up of—

> Deeds and language, such as men do use,
> And persons, such as comedy would choose,
> When she would show an image of the times,
> And sport with human follies, not with crimes.

Jonson's comedies still make very entertaining reading and they are also good stage plays. *The Silent Woman* is a thoroughly amusing play, lively and vigorous, and full of amusing characters and situations. There is no need just now to say anything about its plot, to do that would be to spoil the fun of the play.

GAVIN C. MARTIN.

THE HALLS[1]

St. THOMAS'S HALL

The beginning of the year found us without two important members of our Representative Council. Suntharasivam, the General Secretary-elect, finding the extremes of our climate too much for his frail physique, decided not to return, while Johnny Chandran, the Secretary-elect for entertainments, found that a permanent commission in the army was in many ways better than the secretaryship of entertainments in St. Thomas's Hall. At the re-election held subsequently, the following were elected unanimously :—

General Secretary.—K. Kumaran Nair.

Secretary for Entertainments.—N.S. Mani.

The Non-Residents' Social, which was the first item on the agenda for the year, passed off as all non-residents' socials do, with the usual amount of food frolic and fun.

At the first General Meeting of the Hall, the Joint-Editors of our Hall Magazine 'Usha' were elected for the first time. Hall unanimity again came to the forefront when Messrs. K. Sukumaran and K. Kurien were returned unopposed.

Thanks to the untiring efforts of Mr. O. C. Karunakaran Nair, a hair-cutting saloon was opened in the Hall. By thus satisfying an urgent and long-felt need, we are sure the hardships endured by members of St. Thomas's, with regard to this 'primary and fundamental need', have, to a great extent, been lessened, if not removed altogether.

The *Debating Society* showed comparatively unusual activity. The Inaugural Address was delivered on 26th July by Mr. T. Chengalvarayan, who gave us an illuminating talk on current affairs under the romantic caption 'Time and Tide'. Two lively and interesting debates were also held. A study group has also been organised and it is gratifying to note that it attracts quite a large number of members.

The Reception to New Graduates was held on August 9, and the entertainment which followed was quite a success, in which St. Thomas's Hall played its part. In conclusion, if the good old saying that well begun is half done be taken seriously into account, we have no doubt that St. Thomas's has a bright future ahead of her in the months to come.

K. Kumaran Nair,
General Secretary.

BISHOP HEBER

While the New Members were coming in with fright and fascination depicted in their faces, the Seniors were moving about greeting and gossiping with vigour and variety over the changed order of things. The Rev. Dr. M. S. Adiseshiah, the warden, in his aggressive white cassock or in his conservative blue shirt, was not to be found. We learn that he is working for World Student Relief in Geneva. The Rev. T. G. Platten, who has gone on furlough, is missed. Dr. John P. Joshua, with his inseparable quadruped companions, has taken Dr. Adiseshiah's place as the Warden of our Hall.

Mr. Chandran Devanesan, who has taken up our ex-Warden's residence, has become our good neighbour. Mr. A. A. Gnanadoss, our Sub-Warden, is straining every nerve to turn the 'noise' of all into 'voice'. It may be that Heber will soon become a 'nest of singing birds', as our regular sing-song services on Friday nights in our Chapel are flourishing with enthusiasm.

It is with joyous feelings that we greet the news that some of our bachelor staff, especially Mr. B. Albert, are going to establish connubial relationship in the near future. It is believed that Mr. H. F. J.

[1] Reports all cover the first term only.

Daniel, who has become resident lecturer, will not precipitate very soon in that direction. Our tutorial staff this year is a happy combination.

Mr. Platten's house has now become our Hall Annexe, and the people there are very particular in calling it 'Platten Villa'.

The Hall sprang into new life when the various offices in the Hall Committee were thrown open for election. The atmosphere was agog with excitement when this was followed by the annual and ceremonial 'ducking', when all Juniors were duly baptized and blessed.

The 'At home' to the Non-Residents went off very well on the 17th July. There was one General Meeting which went off in the most parliamentary style and spirit. We had the first 'Hat night' with Mr. A. A. Gnanadoss in the chair and a considerable number of our 'Boys' evinced their sense of humour and the broad, beaming smile of the Sub-Warden never failed to assist them, which was itself brought into discussion later. Lt.-Col. Lakshmi delivered the inaugural address of our Literary and Debating Society to a large gathering seated on the lawn.

This year we have started a co-operative club and it is hoped it may be of great service to all of us in the future. The Cricket Club was revived this year also with great success. Our members have converted the tennis court into a splendid pitch. And Badminton matches are a striking feature of this year. Other games and athletics are carried on with the traditional vigour.

The 8th of August was observed as Tagore Day, and Mr. Chandran Devanesan gave an instructive lecture on Tagore. The 9th of August was solemnly observed as a day of fasting and prayer. Villagers in the neighbourhood of Tambaram were fed.

In short, we lead a happy and healthy life in a spirit of co-operation and mutual regard and help.

Bazeleel Gnana Doss,
General Secretary.

SELAIYUR

The following were elected office-bearers for 1946-47 :—

General Secretary.—K. S. Krishnamurthy.
Entertainments.—George Isaac.
Library.—K. V. Nambudripad.
Debates.—M. B. Madiah.
Vegetarian Mess.—A. Venkataraman.
Non-Vegetarian Mess.—E. Canagalingam.
European Mess.—M. K. Kagwa.
Sports.—John Zachariah.

There was the usual bustle at the beginning of the first term, with new-comers feeling rather uncomfortable—temporarily of course—while the old students exchanged gossip about their summer vacation. But soon all—new-comers and old timers—settled down to the routine life, the monotony of which was happily broken by large scale pillowing and universal ducking.

Turning now to the more important aspects of Hall-life, the Non-Residents' Social was the first important engagement and it went off very smoothly. This time Dame Nature was smiling and rain did not come down to spoil the fun of the evening. As usual the Graduates' Reception was held in Selaiyur and the Entertainment that followed the usual round of speech-making was a successful effort, all the three Halls pooling their resources.

The 'Selaiyur Foresters' Cricket Club was revived after a temporary hibernation and the enthusiasm of the members was evident from the tremendous stampede that ensued for gaining admission into the Club. There is not only enthusiasm but merit as well. Both the friendly matches—one against the Vandalur Rangers and the other against the Tambaram Nationals—saw us getting home comfortably.

This report would be incomplete if I do not mention the fact that curiously enough there was no General Meeting this term—for want of questions.

K. S. Krishnamurthy,
General Secretary.

SOCIETIES

THE PHILOSOPHY ASSOCIATION

With the dawn of the new academic year we began our activities by holding the first general meeting on the 9th July 1946 in Bishop Heber Hall. The following are the office-bearers elected unanimously for this year 1946-47 :—

President : Mr. S. P. Adinarayan, M.A.
Student-President : N. Anantaraman.
Secretary : S. Varadachari.
Treasurer : G. Sriramulu.
Class Representatives : A. J. Rajasingham (V. Hons.), E. Neelakantan Nair (IV. Hons.) and Cyril Manuel (III. Hons.)

The inaugural meeting of the Association was held on the 6th August in Heber Hall, when Mr. C. T. Srinivasan, M. A., delivered the inaugural address, ' A Plea for a Study of Comparative Religion.' Mr. S. P. Adinarayan presided. The lecture was brief but illuminating.

In the second general meeting we decided to start a small magazine containing philosophical articles written by the members. We hope to have three issues for this year, one for each term. Mr. Y. M. Bhupalan was elected Editor unopposed. As we had no time to get our first issue by the end of this term, we are getting it only at the beginning of next term.

On the 25th August Mr. N. Anantaraman read a paper on ' Animal Mind ' when Mr. T. K. Parthasarathy presided. The talk was thought-provoking and the meeting was wound up with a few interesting remarks from the President.

Time and other circumstances did not permit us to hold more meetings this term. We hope to do better next term.

S. VARADACHARI,
Secretary.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION

The Christian Union resumed its activities this year with its new office-bearers :— C. T. Benjamin (*President*), S. Shanti Kumar (*Secretary*), K. John Kurien (*Treasurer*), George Thomas (*Devotional Service Secretary*), Paul Siromany (*Study Circle Secretary*), Bernard Wilson (*Social Service Secretary*). We are glad to have our Principal, Dr. A. J. Boyd, back as ex-officio Patron. We are grateful to Mr. G. C. Martin and Mr. P. R. P. Francis for having agreed to be our staff-advisers.

The combined inaugural and general meeting of the Union was held on the 14th July in the Salaiyur Hall Theatre, with Mr. C. T. Benjamin in the chair. Mr. G. C. Martin delivered an address on ' The part the S.C.M. plays in College students' lives.' He reminded us of the motto of S.C.M. : ' That they all may be one.' ' These are Christ's words ' he said ' by which people of all kinds are united by one Faith and one Saviour.' Then the Secretaries gave short reports for the year. The Representatives were elected :

Miss Suriya Bai Samuel–*Women Students.*
A. Paul—*Junior Intermediate.*
S. John—*Junior B.A.*
V. K. Alexander—*Junior P.G.*

On the 20th of July many of our members attended the Freshers' Social and our Union was well represented at the Officers' Conference which was held on the 28th July at Chintadripet.

Study circles are being conducted every week in the three Halls. We have begun a new study circle for Student Missionary Union members which is being led by Mr. Samuel Raj for whose services we render our thanks. Prayer circles are meeting regularly and we find that there has been an increased demand for Bible Reading Manuals. The Christian Forum is once more in circulation.

A combined Retreat for Christian members of the Staff and Christian students was held on 21st July at the Methodist Theological Institute which was ably led by Rev. S. W. Savarimuthu.

The Sundayschools at five different places are most efficiently run. We give our heartfelt thanks to Mrs. Chandran Devanesan for the invaluable help she gave to the Sunday School Teachers. It was under her initiation we were able to have a joint Terminal Service, the first of its kind, with the Bishop Heber Sunday School.

The Prayer Conference and the S.M.U. week-end which were arranged by the provincial S.C.M. were very helpful to those who attended. The idea of the former was to deepen the prayer life of the S.C.M. relating our prayers to the present situation; the latter was to strengthen our witnessing power. And with this mighty weapon of prayer in our hands and with Christ as our Captain, we hope to move forward as the witnesses of Jesus.

S. Shanti Kumar,
Secretary.

THE ANDHRA BHASHABHI RANJANI SANGHAMU

On the afternoon of 16th July the General Body met under the Presidency of Mr. P. R. P. Francis, M.A., and elected the following office-bearers for the current academic year :—

Student-chairman: R. S. Sudarsanam.
Secretary: S. Nagendra Babu.
Assistant Secretary: S. Obulapathy.

The Sangham has made a very fine and commendable start this year. At the outset it was decided to raise the subscription fee to Rs. 2 in view of the Diamond Jubilee celebrations of the Association this year.

The inaugural function was held on 6th August when Prof. Mamidipudi Venkatarangayya addressed us on 'Our Culture'. St. C. Ammanna Raja, Deputy Speaker, Legislative Assembly, presided. Light refreshments, a scholarly speech by the speaker and the concluding remarks of the President marked by sallies of wit and humour were among the pleasing features of the function.

Sri. G. V. Raghava Rao. B.A., B.L., delivered a lively lecture on 'Andhra Province' on the 20th August. The Student-chairman presided.

24th August 1946 marks a red-letter day in the history of our Association. On the morning of that fine Saturday Kaviramnat Viswanatha Satyanarayana addressed us on 'Literature' and Sri. Desiraju Krishna Sarma presided. The speaker, after a brief, yet brilliant exposition of the meaning of the term, proceeded on to recite melodiously some of his finest poetry. We feel elated to have had him among us.

An interesting debate on 'The present strike-wave in the country' was held on 26th August when the Student-chairman presided. Our members exhibited great powers of oratory and many emotional speeches were made. We are grateful to Mr. G. Jagathpathi, M.A., our Vice-President, for his very learned and analytical survey of the situation. The House held that the present moment is inopportune for strikes.

We have great plans to be put into action during the course of this year and I appeal to every member to contribute his share to make it a success.

S. Nagendra Babu,
Secretary.

KARNATAKA BHASHABHIVARDINI SANGHAM

Office-bearers :—

President.—Vidwan K. Narasinga Rao, M.A., L.T.
Secretary.—D. Chandrashekaran, iv. B.A.

The Inaugural Address of the Association was delivered by Pandit U. Seetaramachar of the Presidency College, on Wednesday the 28th August 1946. The Association has begun with remarkable success. We could not conduct more meetings due to lack of time. We hope to have more in the next term.

D. Chandrashekaran,
Secretary.

THE URDU UNION

With the beginning of the new academic year, the Urdu Union, young as it is, entered the fourth year of its happy and

prosperous life. Yet it is sorry to note no increase in its membership.

The inaugural function of the Union was celebrated on 26th July 1946. The function began as usual with a tea party, the chief guest being Mr. S. S. M. Bahmani Sahib.

The Inaugural Address was delivered by Mr. S. S. M. Bahmani Sahib on 'Urdu, the Lingua franca', when Mr. Syed Mohamed Sahib, our patron and lecturer in Urdu, presided. The learned speaker said that Urdu being a mixture of Sanskrit, Arabic, Persian and Hindi, nay even English and other languages, deserves to be the 'Lingua franca'. He stressed the advantages of its easy script, and fluency and charm of expression. His speech, fluent as it was, was full of sound and fine analogies to favour his statements. It illumined the minds of our young members, who are out to serve the 'Queen of Languages.'

Moreover Mr. M. Gulam Nabi Sheriff, ex-Secretary of the Union, graced the function with his presence, and I am thankful to him for his having clearly summed up in outline the past activities of the Union. The meeting came to a close with the Secretary's vote of thanks.

I must not only thank Mr. S. S. M. Bahmani Sahib, but also appreciate his broad-mindedness for his ready offer to serve Urdu, by teaching it to those interested to learn it in a 'psychologically easy way.' The classes will be started as soon as it is convenient.

Lastly I take this opportunity to express my hearty thanks to our patron Janab Mr. Syed Mohamed Sahib, Urdu lecturer, as well as the members of the Union, and our non-Urdu Muslim brethren in particular, who too are patrons and members of course, for their kind co-operation, and individual help in making the function a success. The Secretary welcomes suggestions as to the activities of the Union in future.

SYED FAZIL PASHA,
Secretary.

THE UNION SOCIETY

The year started with the election of the Student-chairman and the Secretary. The following are the office-bearers for the year 1946-47:

President: Rev. A. J. Boyd.
Vice-President.—Sri. G. Jagathpathi.
Student-chairman.—K. J. Kuriyan.
Secretary.—C. Radhakrishna Moorty.

Dr. B. Pattabhi Sitharamiah delivered the inaugural address on the 3rd August. Dr. Pattabh during the course of his one-and-a-half-hours' speech and one hour's replies to the students' questions dealt with the importance of the rôle students have to play in the future regarding remoulding or doing away with those systems which were the creation of the British in the Indian universities and their duty in eradicating the unfortunate illiteracy in the country, and he spoke besides about all the important topics of the day including the task before the Constituent Assembly, the question of Minorities, the place of the States in the Indian Federation, and the rôle of Socialists and Communists in India.

A debate on the topic 'The decision of the Indian National Congress to enter the Constituent Assembly is not in the best interests of the Country' took place on the 16th August. Mr. C. L. Narasimhan of the I. P.G. class moved the proposition and Mr. G. Subramanyan of III. B.Sc.Hons. class opposed. The proposition was voted down by the House.

On the 27th August, the Hon'ble Mr. V. V. Giri spoke on 'Industrialization of India and Labour uplift.'

On the 6th September, Dr. Amarnath Jha, Vice-Chancellor of Allahabad University, spoke on 'Indian Culture through the Ages.' Dr. Jha, dealing with India's ancient and modern culture, spoke on the atmosphere of an educational institution and its importance and in this connection he paid a great tribute to our College atmosphere in Tambaram comparing it to that of Oxford University.

C. RADHAKRISHNA MOORTY,
Secretary.

THE NATURAL HISTORY ASSOCIATION

The inaugural meeting was held on the 6th August, when Mr. Alikunhi, M.SC., of

the Fisheries' Department, delivered an address on 'The Experimental Methods of Approach on Fish Biology.' Dr. J. P. Joshua presided. The meeting passed off very well and quite a number of Natural Science students attended the meeting. We earnestly wish that all the Natural Science students become members and attend a number of meetings which have already been fixed for next term.

The activities of the Association include, apart from the meetings, excursions and exhibitions every term. Under the auspices of the Association an excursion to Ennore was arranged, and a large number of Natural Science students took part in it. The Ennore trip was really excellent and, besides the collections made for the Natural Science Department, there was boating, etc. We are glad to say that some of the students who handled, rather surprisingly, the Jelly fishes, did not experience the sting characteristic of those organisms. The office-bearers elected at the first meeting of the students, held on 31st July, are the following:—

President.—Dr. J. P. Joshua, M.A., Ph.D.

Secretaries.—C. H. Narayanan, B.Sc., A. Gajaraj, iv. B.Sc. Gr. 4B.

Representatives.—K. O. Pappachen, iv. B.Sc., Gr. 4B.; A. Daniel, iv. B.Sc., Gr. 5; K. Balakrishnan, iii. B.Sc., Gr. 4B; P. S. Samuel, iii. B.Sc., Gr. 5; B. Venkataraman, Class ii. Gr. ii; R. D. Samuel, Class i. Gr. ii.

C. H. Narayanan,
A. Gajaraj,
Secretaries.

THE ECONOMICS ASSOCIATION

The Association resumed its activities this year with the election of office-bearers for the current academic year, on 20th July. The following were elected unanimously:—

President.—Mr. S. Subbarama Iyer, M.A.

Student-chairman.—K. P. Vasudevan Nair.

Secretary.—K. J. Charles.

Treasurer.—S. Venkatachari.

Class Representatives.—Miss S. Clarke (Class IV), S. M. Cassim (Class III), T. G. David (Hons. 3).

In the unavoidable absence of the Hon'ble Mr. Daniel Thomas, Minister for Local Administration, the inaugural address of the Association was delivered by Mr. S. Subbarama Iyer on 1st August. A condolence resolution placing on record deep sympathy at the death during the vacation of Mr. O. K. Vijayan, a student of the Honours Class, was also passed.

The Hon. Mr. Daniel Thomas, however, addressed the Association on 7th August on 'Local Administration and Civic Life.'

On 5th September Dr. K. S. Shelvan, M.A., spoke to us on 'World Politics To-day.'

With S. V. S. Sastry's paper on 'War and Indian Economy' on 7th August our Seminar work for the year began. On 14th August K. Gopalakrishnan read a paper on 'Economics and Society'. On 27th August Miss S. Kovoor read a paper on 'Land Tenure in India'.

'Large-scale industrialization is the only means by which the standard of living in India could be raised' was the subject of a very interesting debate held on 28th August with Mr. G. Jagathpathi in the chair. The motion was put to the vote and carried.

At the University examinations, we are proud to record, our graduates, as usual, maintained their high standard, Mr. C. G. Ramasubbu, last year's Student-chairman, standing second among the Honours graduates. Our congratulations to them.

The absence of Dr. M. S. Adiseshiah, our dear Professor, is keenly felt.

Having begun well, we confidently look forward to a very successful year.

K. J. Charles,
Secretary.

THE HISTORY AND POLITICS ASSOCIATION

The activities of the History and Politics Association for the year 1946-47 began with a general meeting held on 19th July. The following were elected as office-bearers:—

President: Prof. Chandran Devanesan, M.A.

Student-chairman: Balu Alaganan (v Hons. Hist.)

Secretary.—V. R. Devanathan (iv Hons. Hist.)

Class Representatives:

3 *Honours*: Krishnamoorthi.
IV B.A.: Stanley Victor.
III B.A.: S. M. Kasim.
Class II: R. Pranatharthiharan.

The Inaugural Address was delivered by Dr. Colvin R. de Silva, *Bar-at-Law*, Ph.D. (London), on 24th July. A member of the Fourth International, he gave a brilliant Trotskyite analysis of the 'Indo-Ceylon Problem and its Solution.' The Student-chairman presided.

On the 7th August a seminar was conducted when papers were read by Narasimhan (I P.G.) on the powers of the centre, V.R. Devanatham (4 Hons.), on the Cabinet Mission's proposals, K. C. Thomas (II P.G.) on some Constituent Assemblies in history, and P. A. Mahadevan (I P.G.) on the grouping of the plan. Prof. Chandran Devanesan presided.

One of the pleasant features of this term's activities was the interesting and illuminating Lecture by Miss Rowe, M.A. (Oxon), Professor of History, W.C.C., on 'What goes into the making of the history text book?' V. R. Devanatham presided.

V. R. DEVANATHAM,
Secretary.

THE TAMIL SANGAM

Office-bearers of the above Sangam for the year 1946-47 :—

Patron.—Thiru T. K. Gopal Iyer, B.A.

President.—Thiru P. Alalasundaram Chettiar, M.A.

Student-chairman.—K. M. Syed Abdul Khader.

Joint Secretaries.—M. Manickavasagam.
T. S. Thirumalai Rajan.

Class Representatives:

Class I. Narasimhan.
K. Baskaran.
Class II. R. Padhmanaban.
P. K. Rajan.
Class III. P. Ramamurthy.
Class IV. K. S. Vedhagiri.

The inaugural meeting of the Sangam was held on Wednesday, 14th August, when Mr. R. P. Sethu Pillai, B.A., B.L., Senior Lecturer in Tamil in the University of Madras, delivered an impressive, instructive and most enlightening lecture on 'The Message of Thiruvalluvar.' Rao Bahadur Dr. T. S. Thirumurthy, B. A., M. B. C. M., D. T. M. and H. (London), retired Principal of Stanley Medical College, presided.

On Monday, 2nd September, a debate was held on the proposition, 'In the opinion of the House, the introduction of the medium of instruction in the regional languages all of a sudden is not justifiable.' K. M. Syed Abdul Khader, the Student-chairman, presided. M. Chinnaya, N. Kuppuswami and R. Padhmanaban spoke *for* the proposition and P. Ramamurthy, A. Vaidhyanathan and J.E. Balraj spoke *against* the proposition. After a lively debate, the proposition was put to the vote and was lost.

We are glad to say that at the meeting of the Executive Committee of the Sangam, held on 6th September, it has been decided that membership should be extended to include all the Tamil-knowing students of the College and it is our earnest desire that all the students concerned should take full advantage of this change in the constitution of our Sangam.

The Barathi celebration will take place during the second week of October. It gives us pleasure to mention that our Sangam, which was founded in 1887, will be celebrating its Diamond Jubilee towards the end of 1947.

With the hearty co-operation and the encouragement of the members we hope to do our best in all matters concerning the activities of the Sangam.

M. MANICKAVASAGAM,
T. S. THIRUMALAI RAJAN,
Joint Secretaries.

MALAYALEE ASSOCIATION

The election of office-bearers came off rather late in the term, and so we could not conduct many meetings. The Inaugural

address was delivered by Sri. K. Madhava Menon, M.L.C., with Mr. V. Titus Varghese in the chair. Dr. C. R. Krishna Pillay also spoke on the occasion, the subject being ' The Unification of Kerala '. The meeting was all in favour of a Kerala Province.

We celebrated Onam on 31st August, a week before the due date, with the usual enthusiasm. After a tea party, in which about 300 members and a large number of guests took part, we had a public meeting presided over by Dr. K. C. Nambyar, F.R. C.S. Both the President and Mr. Titus Varghese, who delivered the welcome address, spoke on the origin of this national festival of Kerala and pointed out its importance in the social life of all Malayalees. Onam reminded them of a golden age in the dim past when all Kerala was united, and it strengthened their hope of a unified Kerala in future. After this some members enacted successfully the late E. V.'s well-known farce 'Vivaha Kammattam,' in which lady-students also took part. There were also two fine dances by Sri. E. V. Namboodripad and music by students.

C. J. VARKEY,
Secretary.

ATHLETICS

VOLLEY-BALL

This year, we were rather unfortunate in starting the activities at the Volley-ball Club late. We have one of the best teams we ever had, this year. Unfortunately our first League Match was also our first practice and hence we lost the match against the '*Medicals*'. So far we have played four matches. We lost one and won three. The match with the Stanley Medical was the most interesting and thrilling. The first game we lost badly. But, for the second and the last games, our players gathered steadiness and determination and won the match. Despite our losing our match, we are not without high hopes this year.

Ours is one of the best teams in Madras. We are lucky indeed in having Stephen, a very fine defence. We have one of our star-players in K. P. Ninan. The Vellore veteran, Martin, continues to be in the team. C. T. Benjamin is an all-rounder in Volley-ball, and above all, he is a great source of inspiration to all. G. Idiculla, the shy defence, has improved a lot and is still one of our strong links.

On the whole, Volley-ball has regained much of its popularity in our College. It is mainly due to our Physical Director and our thanks are due to him.

We hope to be sent for the Madras Olympic Knock-out Tournament for Volley-ball, this year.

J. Pothen,
Captain.

HOCKEY

We began our Hockey season this term by playing against our old friends, 'The Chromeco Sports Club.' Our main objective was to have as many practice matches as we could before the League Tournament started and we did: two matches with the Chromeco Sports Club; three with the Railway Institute, Tambaram; and two matches with that renowned team—'The Mount Recreation Club'. All these matches served as good practices.

Our team is good on paper but has several times not done as well on the field. A bit of juggling had to be performed in order to select the best players and finally there emerged the true warriors in all their glory, none the worse for their ordeal. Of course, our *stalwarts* were there—Chakravarthy, Perumal, and King, who saved us from many a defeat. But we also had some new comers, M. Wrightman, C. Philip, and Mr. Ramdas Mardi, who on several occasions, showed their true form. Looking for a goal-keeper was like looking for a needle in a haystack, and finally a person in the form of Eduljee was found. He has proved his mettle more than once though handicapped by inexperience.

We have fared worse than we expected to in the League Tournament but hope to give a good account of ourselves in the Stokes Shield Tournament next term. The results of the Inter-Collegiate matches are as follows:—Beat Pachaiyappa's 3-1; beat C.N.T. Institute 4-0; Walk over, Law College; drew with Engineering 1-1; drew with Madras Medical College 1-1; drew with Muhammedan 2-2; lost to Loyola 3-0; lost to Veterinary 1-0. Losing to Veterinary was like losing our birthright but we are determined to beat them by a wide margin if we happen to meet them in the Stokes Shield (Knock-out) Tournament next term.

Next term we shall play against the Nizam's College, Hyderabad, on October 9th on our grounds. Besides this interesting match there are the Stokes Shield Tournament and three more League matches to be played. I wish the team good luck and good hunting next term.

D. C. Woolridge,
Captain.

CRICKET

The Cricket season began with the usual rush of new comers all hoping to get a place in the first Eleven, but the presence of many of our old stalwarts provided only a few vacancies. Most prominent among the new comers is Mr. Ramdas Mardi, the Provincial and 'Varsity player, who is also a member of our College Staff. Two of the new promising youngsters are Cyril Philip and 'Dad' Maiden. The former has the makings of a good bat provided he overcomes his nervousness, and the latter is fast developing into a spin bowler of no mean class.

We are very fortunate in having eight old-timers—W. Bywater, Balu Alaganan, R. M. Perumal, B. S. Wilson, T. Jeyasingh, U. Hullugalle, Michael Kagwa, and G. Zachariah, and it is gratifying to note that all of them are doing well. W. Bywater, the Vice-Captain and opening bat, has been faring well, adding many useful scores to his credit this season. He is also our wicket-keeper and is doing pretty well behind the 'sticks'. Balu Alaganan, the University and Provincial player, is the senior member of the side and is still his same old self both with the bat and the ball. His medium slow off-breaks have had many of the opposing batsmen in difficulties. R. M. Perumal, the other of our University *cum* Provincial players, has been very successful with the ball this season and he has also been a trouble as a batsman to the opponents. B. S. Wilson, the stylish left-hander, has had a very successful season so far, scoring heavily with the bat and as a bowler he is very safe and useful. T. Jeyasingh promises to be a very reliable opening bat and he is also a very sound and alert fielder. Michael Kagwa, the speed merchant of our side, has developed great accuracy this year and is proving an extremely good opening bowler. U. Hullugalle is as enterprising as ever when fielding and batting.

It is not vainglory to say that we have a well-balanced and good side and we hope to win the shield this year. With the prevailing spirit of co-operation and enthusiasm we hope to fulfil our ambition. Of the eight matches we have played so far we have won seven and lost only one—three of these being Inter-Collegiate league matches. Of the five non-league matches played we have beaten among others two strong combinations from Madras—Mr. A. F. W. Dixon's XI and the 'Varsity Occasionals.

G. Zachariah,
Captain.

BASKET BALL

As usual we started with a fairly good team in Basket Ball, and with modest pride we wish to announce that there is every chance of our winning the championship this year.

Before the Inter-Collegiate League Tournament began, we had a practice match against the Central Y. M. C. A. in which we fared very well, winning by 74 : 14. We have till now played seven league matches, four at home and three away, and we won every one of them with a large margin.

Special mention must be made of our thrilling match with the Engineering College, who are the championship holders for several years, on their grounds. The game was fast and well contested. Till seven minutes before the final whistle, they were on top, the score being 28 : 23. But to the amazement of everyone, our players played with added vigour and spirit and with splendid combination passed their score and emerged triumphant. In those precious seven minutes, we were able to score 16 points and they only 2. So, by this win we have virtually won the championship for this year. There is only one more match to be played with Loyola, and we have full confidence that we shall be successful in that also.[1]

It is because of the fine team work and co-operation among our players that we have been able to win all these matches. Hence it is my duty to thank them all and congratulate them on their success. Our success is

[1] *The match was won on October 17th.—Ed.*

also due to the fine coaching and encouragement given by our Physical Director, Mr. C. A. Abraham, and I must thank him also.

The following are the results of the League matches :—

Vs. Madras Medicals	...	54 : 17.
Vs. Stanley Medicals	...	52 : 19.
Vs. Teachers' College, Saidapet		93 : 23.
Vs. Presidency College	...	94 : 0.
Vs. Law College	...	Walk-over.
Vs. Pachiappa's	...	Walk-over.
Vs. Engineering College	...	39 : 30.

A. C. WILSON,
Captain.

TENNIS

It is gratifying to note that tennis has once again taken its prominent position in College Sport. The war seriously impeded the progress of the game, due to the scarcity of balls, but the plentiful supply guaranteed now has increased the membership from a bare 30 to 80. Five courts are now functioning with ample scope for players to improve and enjoy their game. For this we are wholly indebted to our Physical Director, by whose efforts all this has been accomplished.

This year the Inter-collegiate Championship is being run on a League basis, and though we lost our matches against Presidency and Engineering, we beat Stanley Medical convincingly. The following players represented us in the matches : *Singles* :— Balu Alaganan and S. A. Dharmaraj ; *Doubles* :—B. Alaganan and George Zachariah.

An added attraction to this year's tennis programme was an exhibition game played in our courts, the chief participants being Prem Pandhi, India's Number 7, Dr. T. S. Rajan, Appa Rao, the 'Varsity Champion, and Seshadri. Attended by a large crowd, these players with the help of B. Alaganan and George Zachariah gave a fine exhibition of tennis. We hope to have some more such matches next term.

Definitely Tennis is on the 'up grade' again.

S. A. DHARMARAJ,
Secretary.

FOOTBALL

With practically all our last year's veterans out of College, we had a hard time forming a new team, but thanks to the untiring efforts of our Physical Director Mr. C. A. Abraham, we managed to form a fairly decent team. Our College players are :—Canagalingam, E. ; George, J. A. ; Benjamin, C. T. ; Poulose, C. J. ; Ramamoorthy, N. G. ; Cherian, P. C. ; Thomas Verghese ; Newton Devasahayam ; Nainan Mani ; George Sunny Abraham ; and Fenn, A. Besides myself there are two other University players in the team, namely, Canagalingam our impregnable goal-keeper, and Benjamin our stalwart and formidable full-back. Among the others Ramamoorthy is outstanding. Taking our team as a whole, our defence is good. But our forward line, being somewhat slight though skilful, lack dash and thrust.

So far, we have won four and lost four in our league matches. We usually lead in every match, and are masters till almost the very end. But at the end we fail and give up the lead. Even though these defeats were a severe set-back, yet 'there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip', and we have an inner feeling that we shall do well and perhaps emerge as victors in the next tournament.

In conclusion, I must thank our President, Rev. J. R. Macphail, for his enthusiasm and keen interest in the welfare of our team, and our Principal and other members of the College Staff for their kind presence at all the matches.

C. S. BALAKRISHNAN,
Captain.

COLLEGE SERVICE—LIST OF PREACHERS

FIRST TERM—1946-47

June 30	...	Rev. A. J. Boyd, D.D.
July 7	...	Chandran Devanesan, Esq.
,, 14	...	W. F. Kibble, Esq., Ph.D.
,, 21	...	Rev. J. R. Macphail.
,, 28	...	Rev. Jayarajah D. Souri (C.L.S., Madras).
August 4	...	G. C. Martin, Esq.
,, 11	...	Rev. Paul Ramaseshan (Methodist Mission, Guindy).
,, 18	...	Rev. E. J. M. Wyld (Civil Orphan Asylum, Madras).
,, 25	...	Rev. S. Samuel (C.L.S., Madras).
September 1	...	Rev. J. F. Butler, Ph.D., (C.L.S., Madras).
,, 8	...	G. C. Martin, Esq.

PRIZE LIST FOR 1946

FIRST CLASS

The Lord Pentland Prize	...	M. Ronald Mathews.
The West Coast Prize	...	I. S. Cameron.
The Craig Prize	...	I. S. Cameron.
The Amjud Prize	...	G. D. Baylis.
Group i	...	V. K. Veeraraghavan.
,, ii	...	N. Sankaran.
,, iii	...	I. S. Cameron.

SECOND CLASS

The Junior Miller Prize	...	P. K. Srinivasan.
The Mathai Prize	...	No award.
The Illayalwar Chetti Silver Medal	...	T. V. Sethuraman. P. Srinivasan.
The Chinnaswami Pillai Prize	...	H. Srinivasan.
The Rajagopala Rao Prize	...	L. K. Anantapadmanabhan.
Group i *The Ramiah Gold Medal and Prize.*		S. Ramaswamy.
,, ii *The Amjud Gold Medal*	...	S. Ramachandran.
,, iii	...	D. E. Dorairaj.

III B.A.

The Gunn Gold Medal	...	T. A. Ramachandran.
The Ethiraja Pillai Prize	...	R. Nagabushanam.
The Rajagopala Rao Prize	...	P. S. Sundaram.
Group i	...	N. Shanmugaratnam.
,, ii *The Sir Krishnan Nair Prize*	...	T. A. Ramachandran.
,, iv *The Russell Prize*	...	(1) P. R. Rangaswamy. (2) J. Venkatakrishnan.
The Padmanabha Menon Prize	...	V. Balakrishnan.

IV B.A.

The Miller Gold Medal and Prize	...	P. Janardhana Menon.
The Elizabeth Miller Gold Medal	...	P. D. Peter.
The Ripon Gold Medal	...	T. M. Santhanam.
The Setupati Gold Medal	...	A. T. Balraj.
The Sanskrit Prize	...	B. Deo Raj Ranka.
The Skinner Gold Medal and Prize	...	No award.
The Rajagopala Rao Prize	...	M. Narayanamurthy.
Group i *The Ross Prize*	...	B. C. Moses.
,, ii *The Aberdeen Prize*	...	K. J. Kurien.
,, iv *The Thurso Prize*	...	M. N. Patnaik.

III B.Sc.

Group ii	...	S. N. Nilakantan Nambissan.
,, iii	...	P. T. Narasimhan.
,, iv	...	K. V. Krishnamurthi.
,, v	...	V. Gopalakrishna Iyer.

IV B.Sc.

Group ii	...	V. N. Subba Rao.
„ iii	...	N. Sreenivasaraghavan.
„ iv	...	M. S. Sreenivasan.
„ v *The Buckie Prize*	...	C. H. Narayanan.

HONOURS CLASSES

The Morren Gold Medal and Prize	...	Samuel Aruldoss.
The Miller Philosophy Prize	...	Miss A. Nainan.
The Kellett Prize (English)	...	M. Panchappa.
„ *(History)*	...	V. Karthikeyan.
Rajah Sir Annamalai Chettiar Prize (Economics)	...	Easo John.
The Elizabeth Miller Prize for Scripture Knowledge.		No award.
The Kora Eapen Prize	...	K. John Kurien.
The Peter Cator Prize	...	No award.
The Manya Ramanathaiya Prize	...	K. S. Raghavendra Rao.

SPECIAL

The Hoare Prize	...	M. Kochunarayanan.
The Miller Centenary Medal and Prize	...	S. P. Balasubramanian.

LIST OF MAGAZINES RECEIVED

The Kumbakonam College Magazine, December 1945, March 1946.
The St. Andrew's College Magazine (Gorakhpur), November 1945.
Jaffna College Miscellany (Ceylon), December 1945.
The Zamorin's College Magazine (Calicut), October 1945, March 1946.
The Murray College Magazine (Sialkot City), November 1945, January 1946, February 1946.
Hindu College Magazine (Masulipatam), December 1945, March 1946.
The Andhra Christian College Magazine (Guntur), October 1945, December 1945.
The University College Magazine (Trivandrum), December 1945.
The Lingaraj College Miscellany (Belgaum), October 1945–February 1946.
The Folio (Forman Christian College, Lahore), October–December 1945, January–March 1946, April–June 1946.
St. Berchmans' College Annual (Changanacherry), 1945–46.
The Madura College Magazine, March 1946.
The St. Aloysius' College Annual (Mangalore), February 1946.
The Magazine (St. Thomas College, Trichur), March 1946.
St. Joseph's College Magazine (Trichinopoly), March 1946.
Annamalai University Magazine, February 1946.
The Madras Engineering College Magazine, March 1946.
The Maharaja's College Magazine (Ernakulam), March 1946.
The Presidencian (Presidency College, Madras), March 1946.
The American College Magazine (Madura), March 1946.
The Scottish Church College Magazine (Calcutta), April 1946.
Loyola College (Madras), March 1946.
The Madras Law College Magazine, March 1946.
The Teachers' College Magazine (Saidapet), March 1946.
The Madras Medical College Magazine, March 1946.
The Hindu College Annual (Tinnevelly), 1945–46.
The Student World (World's Student Christian Federation, Geneva), January-March 1946.

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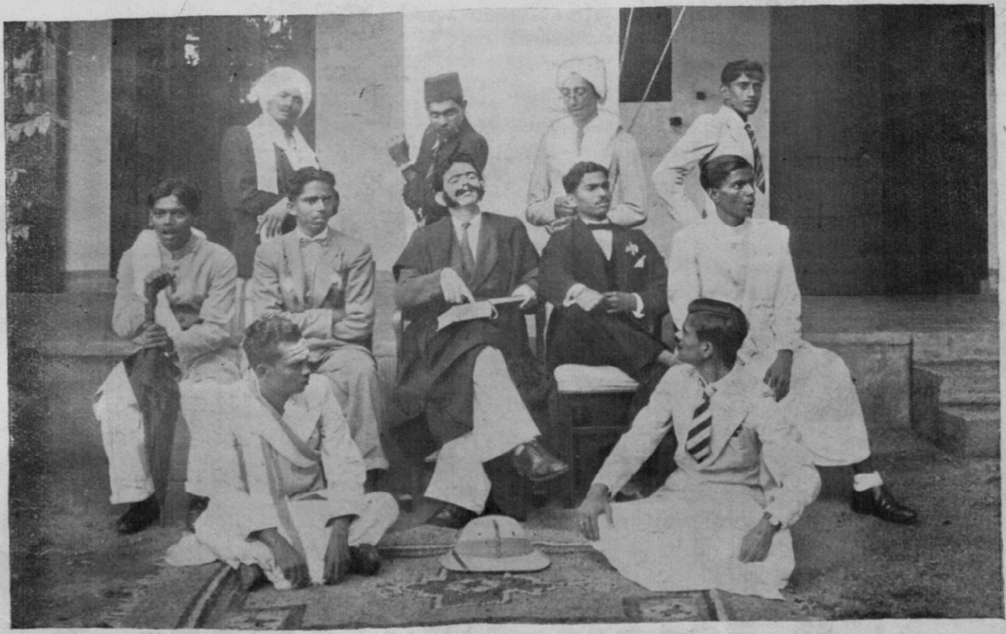
MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE, TAMBARAM

A TABLEAU

from the Bishop Heber Hall Day Entertainment



EDWARD BURNS ROSS

Professor of Mathematics

Madras Christian College

1907–1933